

# THE PRESENT AGE.

CHICAGO OFFICE, 364 WARREN AVENUE.

He who takes nature for his guide, is not easily beaten out of his argument.—Thomas Paine.

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## At Home and Abroad.

"The inquiry of truth, which is the love-making or wooing of it; the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it; and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it; is the sovereign good of human nature."—Bacon.

ON A PEN OF THOMAS STARR KING'S.

BY ERIC HART.

This is the reed the dead musician dropped,  
With tuneful magic in its sheath still hid—  
The prompt allegro of its music stopped,  
Its melodies unbidden.

But who shall finish the unfinished strain,  
Or wake the instrument to awe and wonder,  
And bid the slender barrel breathe again,  
An organ pipe of thunder?

The pen! what humble memories cling  
About  
The golden curved what shapes and laugh-  
ing grooves  
Slipped from its point when his full heart  
Went out  
In smiles and courtly phrases!

The truth, half jesting, half in earnest  
dumb,  
The word of cheer, with recognition in it;  
The note of alms, whose golden speech out-  
rungs  
The golden gift within it.

But all in vain the enchanter's wand we  
wave;  
No stroke of ours recalls his magic vi-  
sion;

The incantation that its power gave,  
Sleeps with the dead magician.

This rhythmical gem of the popular poet, this tribute to one of earth's purest and noblest of men, recalls that sad day when there flashed across the continent from the Pacific coast the tidings of his departure to the golden shores of the hereafter. Beautiful was his life, sublimely beautiful was his death. Speaking to his weeping wife he said:

"Do not weep for me, I know it is all right. I wish I could make you feel so. I wish I could describe my feelings. It is strange! I feel all the privileges and greatness of the future. I see a great future before me. It already looks grand, beautiful. I am passing away fast. My feelings are strange." When asked if he had any special message to his friends at home, he said: "Tell them I went lovingly, trustfully, peacefully." "Are you happy?" he was asked. "Yes," was the emphatic and sublime answer, "happy, resigned, trustful." Then he slowly repeated the beautiful psalm beginning, "The Lord is my Shepherd," and breathing slower and slower his pure and beautiful spirit passed from the golden shores of the Pacific through the golden gate of morning into the regions of the blessed. Thomas Starr King did not avow himself a Spiritualist, yet so very spiritual was his nature that he lived very closely in rapport with the spiritual realm and he told the writer of this paragraph that once in his pulpit during prayer he felt an influence descend upon and take possession of his brain and organs of speech, that he recognized distinctly as from his father, Rev. Thomas P. King. After he went to California, he had several very positive demonstrations of spirit presence and control through the mediumship of J. V. Mansfield. We were three years and more, a student of Mr. King's, and lived in daily communion with his glorious soul. Most skillfully he piloted the mind of the young student through the intricacies of Latin and Greek; wonderful was the charm he threw over the writings of Locke and Jouffray, and Stewart, by his comments and elucidations. For more than three years we in return acted as his amanuensis, and wrote out from dictation his matchless sermons and lectures. When his brilliant mind flashed out from the frail body that could no longer enshrine it, we mourned that one of the world's noblest workers had fallen at his post. But it was not long ere

we had the most satisfactory proofs of the presence and activity of his spirit in the great work of humanity's redemption from all its thralldoms. We know him to be one of a tireless band of ministering angels who toil still for humanity—a glorious brotherhood of the skies. Nay, the musician is not dead! The beautiful symphony of his life still sounds on. In full possession of all the privileges and all the greatness of the future that opened up to him as the death dews gathered round his mortal brow, he lives a life of active uses still within the sphere of human necessities.

### THE ROYAL INVALID.

Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, heir apparent of the throne of Great Britain, the report of whose serious illness sent down the price of consols and affected the money market of the entire world, is, after a desperate struggle with death, slowly convalescing. Born to one of the most brilliant positions in the world, this young man of only thirty years has won neither the respect or confidence of the people whom, if he lives, he is to govern. His career has been that of a ruse of the fastest type, and this fact has probably been the most potent cause of the wide-spread and constantly growing disaffection with royalty that exists among the English people. But during this fearful illness that has drawn the attention of the whole civilized world to the Palace of Sandringham, where he has for weeks lain struggling with disease, his weaknesses and follies have been forgotten in the universal sympathy felt for the man, and the mother, and the wife.

The prince was born at Buckingham Palace in London, Nov 9, 1841. In him, being the eldest son, is vested the hereditary title. He is not only Prince of Wales, but also Prince of Saxe, Duke of Cornwall and Rathesay, Count of Chester, Count of Carrick and of Dublin, Baron of Renfrew, Lord of the Isles, Grand Steward of Scotland, and general in the army. He has an allowance from Parliament as heir apparent, and other revenues. From the duchy of Cornwall alone he receives \$300,000 yearly. In 1863 he married the beautiful daughter of the King of Denmark. His son, Albert Victor, the next in succession, was born January 8th, 1864. It is not surprising that the threatened death of the prince should have created intense and painful interest throughout the British realm, for should the queen be removed by death or abdicate before the majority of this boy of eight years, the government would have to be administered by a regency, and in the present unsettled state of Europe, with the spirit of democracy and republicanism threatening the overthrow of every form of despotic, or monarchical government, this contingency presents to the staid English mind fearful possibilities of political convulsions, disorder and anarchy.

But the prince is slowly convalescing, and after his descent to the very jaws of the grave, after his desperate struggle with the forces that assailed so terrifically the citadel of life, he may arise from his bed of illness renewed and regenerated both soul and body and make a wise and beneficent ruler. For the sake of the English people, for the sake of his virtuous and universally respected mother, for the sake of his young and lovely wife, we sincerely hope this may be so.

The Palace of Sandringham which has been the center of so much interest since the illness of the prince, is in Norfolk, about one hundred and twenty miles from London. It is the favorite country home of the prince, bought soon after his mar-

riage. He has laid out immense sums upon the house and grounds, making it one of the most beautiful and luxurious royal residences in all Europe. The estate is stocked with game of every kind. The country around is lovely, and the quiet and seclusion of the place most charming. And here, surrounded by loyal inhabitants, the prince and princess hold their court, and can bask in retirement and pleasure without feeling that every movement is to be heralded to the public through the columns of the press.

### THE WOMAN QUESTION IN THE FULTON ST. PRAYER MEETING.

Like Banquo's ghost, this question will not be put down. It appears everywhere; no precincts too sacred for it to enter, no atmosphere too conservative for it to thrust itself into. Who has not heard of the famous Fulton Street prayer meeting, where the speeches and prayers are timed by the gavel of the presiding officer, and where at the expiration of the allotted time, the spirit must be quenched even in the midst of most impassioned utterances and most fervent appeals? Well, at this famous place no woman's voice must ever be heard save in the performance of a simple request, because, forsooth, a testy old bachelor some eighteen centuries back said, "Let your women keep silence in meeting."

There have been many efforts made by ladies to obtain permission to take part in these meetings but all to no purpose. Rigidly the rule has been enforced by the old fogies of the Reformed Dutch Church who control the prayer meeting, and who instruct the officer presiding to choke off any lady who attempts to participate in the exercises. Recently an incident occurred which created intense excitement and which may lead to a revolution in that fossilized concern. The Society of Friends has been holding a revival meeting here which has been attended by many famous women preachers of the sect from various quarters. They had heard of the famous Fulton Street prayer meeting, and some of them found their way to the room. Very naturally the spirit moved them to speak. One of the most gifted and eloquent sisters rose to bear her testimony, and in a quiet way with great modesty and sweetness of demeanor and spirit, proceeded to state the joy she felt at being in that famed and consecrated room, when suddenly and peremptorily she was called to order, and told that it was against the rules for women to speak there. The lady was distressingly confused, and bursting into tears sat down. The excitement was intense and general. A spirited discussion at once took place, and it was demanded that either the rule should be revoked, or a suitable placard placed in a conspicuous position announcing that no lady would be allowed to speak, so that persons ignorant of the rule might be spared from insult.

We learn that the excitement has not subsided yet, and we trust it will not till this absurd rule, an insult to every wife and mother whose husband and sons attend this place of resort, shall be blotted out.

A woman suffrage meeting was held recently at Willimantic, Conn., at which Isabella Beecher Hooker and Olympia Brown, pastor of the Universalist Church in Bridgeport, were the speakers. The neat Spiritualist house was filled with an appreciative and enthusiastic audience. We very much regretted that professional duties prevented our attendance, but a friend writing to us of the occasion says:

"Miss Brown gave a pithy, witty, smart and logical address. Mrs. Hooker was noble and grand. The house was filled and very enthusiastic."

Thus this noble cause moves grandly on everywhere.

### WHY THUS LONGING?

Why thus longing, thus forever sighing  
For the far-off, unattained and dim,  
While the beautiful, all round thee ly-  
ing,  
Offers up its low, perpetual hymn?  
Wouldst thou listen to its gentle teach-  
ing,  
All thy restless yearnings it would still:  
Leaf and flower and laden bough are preach-  
ing,  
Thine own sphere, though humble, first  
to fill.  
Poor indeed thou must be if around thee  
Thou no ray of light and joy canst  
throw;  
If no sliver cord of love hath bound thee  
To some little world through weal and  
woe:

If no dear eyes thy fond love can brighten,  
No fond voices answer to thy own;  
If no brother's sorrow thou canst lighten,  
By daily sympathy and gentle tone.  
Not by deeds that win the crowd's applause,  
Not by works that give thee world-re-  
nown,  
Not by martyrdom and vaunted crosses,  
Canst thou win and wear the immortal  
crown.

Daily struggling, though unloved and lone-  
ly.

Every day a rich reward will give;  
Thou wilt find, by hearty striving only,  
And truly loving, thou canst truly live.

For the Present Age.

### WHY THUS LONGING?

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

All desire is expressed in unrest, for the desire creates the effort to attain and realize; then it must be from the soul's life and must express the true effort of progress; the unrest coming from the life proves the want and necessity of the soul. When man hungers for material food, he attempts to satisfy the hunger, and if he is wise, he will do so, and will thus be fulfilling the law of his body; but, for his spiritual hunger he has not yet attained the true knowledge of want and supply. He knows the thirst, the desire, through the restlessness that refuses him peace; but where is the fountain, where the satisfying good?

The church presents religion as the treasure, Christ as the fountain, but it ever presents them in the external to be sought through external means. True religion is indeed what is claimed, for it is wisdom, the Christ of the soul is its living water, for it is love made manifest; but there can be no meeting of the wants of the soul in the effort to become religious by external means. True religion is love wedded to wisdom, and therefore shows the way to attain peace by making the soul know its inmost desire and the means of gratifying it. This is found in the secret places of the soul; one must enter the closet and find within himself the Father's wisdom and love. Those impulses of the soul which express themselves as desires proceed from the love of the soul—from its attraction, which expresses itself in affection. The various loves designated as filial, fraternal, conjugal, parental, are from the innate life of the soul, because whatever is found to be an impulse of mind in any state or condition, must be found to be uniform as an expression of a development of mind—the peculiar development of it depending upon condition. Then, as a child loves its parent, we find that the development termed filial love, is necessary to the soul's perfection. Thus we find fraternal love as expressed in the family in social intercourse, in association and combination, is from the innate love of the soul, and therefore only in the engagement of it can the soul be truly satisfied if it be perfect in its life, and thus have an awakened desire. So also is it with the love termed conjugal. In its purity it expresses the necessity of the soul, and if that affection be active, nothing but a sense of oneness with another will

satisfy it. Parental love also claims its object; and through all these affections is the love of God expressed in a harmony of development which, though it take not away the desires of progress, yet makes that progress as the growth of the flower, beautiful in its expression and unity.

These affections may be slumbering or active. If not active, then the soul is not entire and hence is not capable of measuring the universal by itself. They may be active and yet misplaced. The true man is he who through all his awakened and active affections finds his soul's life and development. If any desire has been turned from its true and legitimate expression, it may find a temporary satisfaction; that is, it will believe itself fed; and though there be produced a deformity of the soul that does not permit its perfection, and is more to be lamented than the unsatisfied desire, yet will there be satisfied for a time this restless longing. Also, if any affection has through circumstance or inheritance become inactive, then is there no restlessness therefrom, for the partial soul knows not its wants.

Having thus far analyzed this restlessness, we find it to be from the life of the soul desiring its perfection. The cry must not be stifled. But can it find satisfaction, and therefore rest, when defrauded externally of its true object? He who analyzes this aspiration will find that it often becomes centralized in some particular desire, and thus at times it is satisfied, though never thus for any length of time, proving that the rest sprung not from perfect attainment, but only from a representation of it—as the tired, famishing laborer plucks a strawberry and momentarily satisfies his thirst, but the spring alone will satisfy his need fully. But this temporary satisfaction or rest in attainment proves a sublime truth that the universal supply ever waits the finding. If but for a moment the soul finds its abiding-place and then returns to its weariness and unrest, yet is that moment eternal in its promise. But no mere faith, unless it be based in this reality ever satisfies a human soul. An intellectual faith in the goodness and universal love of God is not sufficient; it is the faith of inspiration alone, that reveals the love of God in one's own soul—the inbreathing of the very life of God in its fullness.

The spirit, conscious in all its affections, aspires through its desires. It thus calls for the supply of its need. Now let it throw itself with trust upon the universal good: "Blessed is he that hungers and thirsts, for he shall be filled." The aspiration is first felt through the instinctive want which creates unrest. Each affection, as it becomes awakened, claims its life; if it be answered by its object, then the soul is satisfied in its good; but if it find not its object, then by its law will it know the restless longing and forever sigh, until it lift itself by its desire into the mansion prepared for it. Let it do this and it finds its abiding-place. This mansion is the sphere of its attainment; it is the height of its aspiration; it includes both worlds, and in it must it come unto its desire. Here then we find the mission of angels. He who ignorantly aspires knows not how to find his desire, he is not wise unto salvation; but the aspiration brings to him help. Even his dormant affections may be awakened. He may be acted upon and brought into relations that shall call out in fullness of life those affections. There is, then, an answer to prayer—an answer to this earnest uplifting of the soul to come unto its peace; the yoke will be easy, the burden be made light by the condition attained; the home will be en-

tered, its sanctuary be holy unto him; there will be dwell forever with the Lord—even the home of purity, love, wisdom, holiness in the soul where dwell also the soul-companions, and with whom God is manifest.

As we said before, this sphere includes both worlds, and is limited only by condition. To come into physical connection with any of its inhabitants, is not necessary; the spirit alone is the band of union, and for spirit-rest the home is found, and distance cannot separate from it; nothing divides from it except the condition. Then let him who is weary, let him who is hungering and thirsting, not faint; but still aspiring, in faith seek with his whole soul to attain unto his self-hood and perfection, and in good time will the feast be made ready, the guests be assembled, and the marriage of the human with the divine be consummated, and heaven and earth shall thereafter be one.

### NOTES.

HENRY WARD BEECHER, after preaching a sermon on Spiritualism that delighted every Spiritualist who heard it or read the report of it, finding that it was putting a little too much capital into the hands of both bigots and Spiritualists, felt called upon to publish a card defining more particularly his position toward this troublesome subject. In this card he virtually acknowledges himself a coward. He compliments the scientific men of Great Britain who have had courage to investigate the phenomena of Spiritualism. It makes a man a sad coward usually to be saddled with a wealthy parish and a big salary. But we have little fault to find with Mr. Beecher. No subsequent position can wipe out the influence of the sermon that elicited so much comment and of such a nature as to frighten him into the publication of the aforesaid card. He is doing a noble work for Spiritualism. Those who are not against us are for us, and the pastor of Plymouth Church cannot shut the influences of the spirits either from his church or his brain, and inspired by them, he has long been their mouthpiece for the utterance of truths that deal telling blows upon the old citadels of theology and bigotry. We would not have him other than what he is. He may not acknowledge himself a Spiritualist—that is of but slight consequence, but he is nevertheless doing a noble work for Spiritualism.

DR. HENRY SLADE.—This remarkable medium is attracting the attention of our prominent citizens by his marvelous manifestations. In his presence the spirits are materializing themselves to such an extent as to make themselves visible to all in the room. The phenomena are similar to those at Moravia, but under far more satisfactory conditions. There is no cabinet; a simple curtain or square of cloth with an aperture eight inches by ten in the center is suspended over the table at which the persons sit, and at this aperture the faces are presented and often thrust through the opening. We hope soon to have an evening with Dr. Slade, and shall give to our readers its results. Mrs. Simmons, the wife of Dr. Slade's partner, gave us an intensely interesting account of the first demonstration of this kind that occurred. She herself prepared the curtain and arranged it, and sat down utterly incredulous of there being any results that would be at all satisfactory. The first Mrs. Slade was her intimate friend. She was with her during her illness, and ministered to her inanimate body the last offices of love, with her own

(Continued on Fourth Page.)



WARWICK CASTLE, one of the  
ancient and celebrated of the  
old castles in England, filled  
choice works of art and other  
curiosities and valuables was  
destroyed by fire.



from Appleton's Journal!

The next step after this discovery was to see if a comet could not be found connected with the November meteors. Brilliant comets were sought for in vain, and no faint ones could be found to fulfil the conditions. At last the search was being abandoned, the bright eye of Prof. Peters discovered the little comet of 1866, which seemed to answer the required purpose. Diligent examinations made of its history, and patient investigation was rewarded by the establishment of the fact that it corresponded in every particular with a November meteoric system. The

grain as the weight of each visible nucleus, we have fifteen million grains, or a little less than a ton, as the earth's daily increase in weight. Therefore, in about three years the earth's weight must increase about a thousand tons. In the three thousand years that astronomy has been known as a science, the earth's weight must have increased a million tons. This increase, starting as it appears, is a mere trifle compared with the earth's own weight, which is six thousand millions of millions of times greater. It can be shown that the actual increase of the earth's

ANIMALS LIVING WITHOUT AIR

THE POLAR EXPEDITIONS.—A letter has been received from a gentleman on board the *Polaris*, reporting the safe arrival of the ship at Upernivik, and her departure thence on September 5, steering due north. All well. From Gotha, Germany, we hear of the German expedition and its reported success in reaching the open Polar sea. The sea is reported to be "free from ice, and swarming with whales."

A quite a number of my friends have visited Moravia and are more than satisfied. The friends in the spirit land appeared unmistakably to them while the spirit voices and the singing by the spirits added marvels to marvels. Mr. Keeler is described as an enthusiastic Spiritualist (as should be under the circumstances) but truthful and honest as the day is long. Board at his house—one dollar per day, is by no means in excess of its value, for he sets a good table while each seance requires fifty cents more, payable very properly to the worthy medium. The place is easily reached by railroad—a two and a half hours' trip from Syracuse. When my friend, Mrs. P., was there "Old John Brown" was sung one day with great zest. Afterward the spirit of an old man appeared and gave a very interesting lecture. When done, several asked for his name. He laughed and said, "Here I have been talking to you for a quarter of an hour and you don't know Old John Brown about whom you have been singing as lying in his grave." Abby Fillmore also appeared and was recognized at once, and more particularly on account of her rich undergarment in which she was buried, for a friend present said that when Abby and herself were in Paris they purchased a couple of those garments—rich and peculiar in needle work—and believed that she now was the only one in this country who possessed one like it.

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hands, preparing it for burial. She had often received assurances through the hand of Dr. Slade, and also by means of the independent writings on the slate, that she should have a positive and satisfactory demonstration of the presence of this dear friend, and on the evening in question it came, and in so positive and almost overwhelming a manner that it could not be gainsayed or set aside. At first, what seemed to be a luminous cloud gathered behind the opening in the curtain; gradually it assumed form, and presently the face of her departed friend appeared at the opening, beautiful, radiant, smiling as in life. She bowed to her, the lips parted and moved as if to speak and the face was partly thrust through the aperture.

Up to this time Mrs. Simmons had never been able to accept Spiritualism; but here was a demonstration that brought with it positive conviction, and she now rejoices in a faith that has become knowledge. So intimate and close are the relations becoming between this world and the spiritual, that we may expect the rapid multiplication of this form of manifestation. The day is not far distant when we shall walk and talk with spirits in their materialized forms, as did the disciples of old with their risen Lord who gave them not alone ocular proofs of his presence but also submitted his materialized spiritual body to their touch.

Dr. Slade's time is so fully occupied that engagements have to be made in advance. He is located at 210 West 43d St., New York. He still gives his attention to healing disease, and his efforts are attended with marked success.

HARPER'S WEEKLY for Dec. 30th has a large and silly picture under the caption "Witchcraft in 1871," and a stiller article explanatory of the picture, the purport of which is that a Mr. Walter Thornbury has, in "an amusing letter to a London newspaper," written himself down an ass. In other words, simply from curiosity he attended a seance. His curiosity being largely mingled with a desire to get material for a sensational burlesque letter on Spiritualism, he succeeded in obtaining just what he sought. And this letter, without point and without wit, is deemed worthy of a double paged illustration in Harper's Weekly because it deems it a fine thing to burlesque and condemn a subject that such men as Alfred R. Wallace, William R. Crookes, C. V. Varley, Prof. De Morgan, and many other equally distinguished and scientific countrymen of Mr. Walter Thornbury, deem worthy their most serious and thoughtful attention. Ridicule is a very potent weapon, but it cannot quench the shining of one ray of truth, and Spiritualism—the "Witchcraft of 1871"—is moving on serenely and majestically, constantly winning to its side adherents who occupy proud positions of honor in the world's estimation.

We are gratified to learn that Rev. Mr. Alger's condition is steadily improving. His paroxysms of insanity are less frequent and his physical condition is steadily improving. It is a most interesting fact that from the start, his condition has been marked by wonderful spiritual experiences. During his so-called paroxysms, his mind has always been in the serene, and sweetest condition, and he has given wonderfully beautiful accounts of the spiritual world that seemed unveiled to his vision. His entire recovery is now predicted by his physicians. We trust it may not be long before he will be able to resume his public labors. We are impatient to see what his position will be hereafter toward Spiritualism, which before his illness he thought he could afford to sneer at as of little worth. If we are not greatly mistaken, he will return to active life with very different feelings toward this great movement that is enlisting the thoughtful attention of the best minds of the day, the world over.

Infants when they die are received into the arms of a loving angel mother, by whom they are nursed and educated, till they become among the purest and happiest angels of the highest heaven.

We last week announced that the friends of Mrs. Tappan in New York City had organized a movement having for its design the formation of a new society, with her as its stated speaker. We regret to learn that circumstances have compelled the postponement of the matter for the present, for the object was one in which we felt a cordial sympathy, viz., the installation of a woman from among the ranks of Spiritualists as a permanent speaker in this metropolis where there is room for all the workers who can be set to work. We trust the matter is only temporarily held in abeyance and that we shall soon have Mrs. Tappan installed here as a permanent preacher of the truths of the everlasting gospel.

SINCE the advent of the Grand Duke Alexis in this country, everything relating to Russia is of special interest. George Alfred Townsend writes to the *Chicago Tribune*:

"The entire population of Russia, including all its Asiatic possessions is just about twice that of the United States. Russia in Europe, which is to all intents real Russia, is about as wide as from Portland, Maine, to Laramie, Wyoming, and longer than from the tip of Florida to the tip of Maine. This grand division of the Russian Empire contains sixty-eight millions of subjects. St. Petersburg has about the population of Philadelphia; Moscow that of Brooklyn; Odessa scarcely more than Cleveland, Buffalo, or Newark. The chief interior and coastwise towns, however, differ little in importance from those of the United States. There are no topographical resemblances to speak of between our country and Russia; its metropolis is as deeply inland in European Chicago in America, and its railroad system seeks only to connect the capital with more civilized Europe, and with the ports of the Black and Caspian Seas. Under the despotic conditions of the empire, individual genius is asserting itself, if not in the winged freedom of newspapers or public debate, in large material production, and in a literature far from despicable. The Russians are inland Japanese, watching Europe and the world to see what is worthy of imitating."

#### JEWISH ESTIMATE OF SHYLOCK.

The following interesting estimate of Shakespeare's Shylock we take from the *Jewish Messenger*. It is interesting as coming from a Jew who views the character as representative of the Hebrew race.

The character of Shylock is to us one of the most interesting drawn by Shakespeare. It is dual, representing both a race and a class. As an embodiment of the Jewish people, Shylock stands forth strong in his love of religion, family and neighbors, but impatient to remonstrate against injustice, or to resent it. As the incarnation of unbending pride, he shows us the melancholy end of a high spirit, goaded to madness by slights, injuries and repression. As a Jew merely, without the pride, he might have lived happily, thriven well, and died loved. As a proud man merely, he might have commanded armies and led senates. As the two combined, as a proud Jew, he wore his heart away, and lost in a fierce madness all the good and useful qualities that he possessed but could not use, because of the prejudice against his religion.

Rightly considered, Shylock is a masterly vindication of the Jew. Shakespeare viewed him from a higher standpoint than the dull level of common observation. He knew that a Jew was neither more nor less than a man, and he made Shylock one, with prejudices perhaps, but with "senses, affections, passions." Nor did he make him a bad man in any respect. He found that the vulgar believed every human feeling in a Jew swallowed by avarice. He refuted it, by showing at least equal greed in the Christian. He saw that the Jew was esteemed strangely cruel. He portrayed him with almost womanly tenderness. He knew that the Hebrew was deemed averse to everything Gentile. He pointed out that he sought the love of his Christian neighbor, and was blameless if he obtained it not. But this was not enough to inspire respect for a character in the days of good Queen Bess. Many thousands of Christians, possessing all these qualities, and doing their duty in a humble way, were deemed of no more value than so many dogs. Humility, the cardinal virtue of Christianity, was precisely that which was most in contempt, and pride was thought a truer voucher of humanity than the more amiable but duller qualities. It is with this garb of the cavalier that the great dramatist invests the poor Jew, and shows to prince and lord a spirit fierce and sensitive as their own. But there is a difference; they are insulted, and the blood of the offender stains their swords, while the gentle Jew smiles approval. The poor Jew is spit upon, and dare not raise a finger. The lordling's wrath is short madness, and ends with legalized murder on the spot; the Jew's is protracted frenzy, which is not shown outwardly. It eats into the soul, consuming love and charity and reason altogether. The Christian knight becomes a gallant gentleman; the same spirit dwelling in a Jewish usurer, makes him a madman.

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A NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

BY MISS NETTIE M. FRASE.

Again a vision of beauty

Has filled my heart with delight,  
A vision of guardian spirits,  
Passing on to the region of light;  
Passing on to the glorious daisium,  
Yon home of the pure and the wise.

No gloom on their radiant faces,  
Each bright with the light of the skies,  
What a host of celestial beings!

Youthful, thoughtful, profound,  
Each wearing on his broad open forehead  
A circlet that girded it round.  
Rare gems with richest of setting

Time's fingers could never efface,  
Outward sign of a mystical union.

The meaning my spirit would trace,  
How swift came the answer symbolic,  
Ere a moment of waiting had fled.

Right hands waved gracefully upward,  
Each circlet unbound from the head,  
And out from the mystical circles  
Drew scrolls of untarnished white,  
Each glowing and flashing in beauty  
Round faces of heavenly light—  
Scrolls that were richly enamelled.

Outrouted by the wise and the true,  
Finding the beauty and glory of life.

To consist in the good they may do,  
How these letters all glittering and golden,  
Each burned in my heart and my brain!

Pride in our glorious mission  
Rose to life in my bosom again.  
Every word that the angel band uttered  
Sank into the depths of my soul,  
Ever there to be joyfully cherished,  
Ne'er in earth life to lose its control.  
Time's golden pinions flew onward

And the youth, the maiden, the sage,  
Gave us their first New Year's Greeting—  
Ever live our bright PRESENT AGE!

#### DEFINITIONS IN SPIRITUALISM.

NUMBER II.

In the former considerations we may find the definition of four fundamental words, and by agreement of those concerned, they should always be understood in the same manner. Let then SPIRITUALISM be defined as the universal, unitarian, system of science, philosophy, and religion, recognized and believed in by Spiritualists as such. Let us understand by SPIRITUALISTS, those who have a knowledge of the phenomena induced by spirits; a belief in their control and communication; a comprehension of the logic of these facts as developed in a harmonious philosophy, and an experience of the religion of humanity. Let SPIRITISM denote the fact, knowledge, and science of Spiritualism. Let us recognize a "Spiritist," as an investigator, student, or professor of *Spiritualism*; honorably and ably this, but—"merely this, and nothing more."

We are not to consider the name Spiritist, a stigma or reflection, any more than the title of an oculist disgraces the specialist in diseases of the eye, who does not profess to practice as a general physician. Though Spiritism is but the porch of philosophy, the entrance gate of the temple, it is a science absolute as mathematics, profound as astronomy, and more subtle than chemistry. They who become adepts in it, will not be ignorant of anthropology, or wanting in physical or metaphysical knowledge. What a Spiritualist should be in the fullness of development, those can realize who know all that a spherical human character must make manifest. As the basis of all these derived terms, the word "spirit" is primary and important. The Latin *spiritus*, like the Saxon *geat* or *gast*, signified "a breath;" from which last we derive the words "gas" and "ghost." Spirit, in common parlance, is used to signify life, or vigor, even of animal nature; in a general sense it denotes the essential, ethereal, concrete properties of any thing material, substantial, or imaginable. The confusion among Spiritualists from a double use of this word, has been great and deplorable as unnecessary. To some, *spirit* and *soul* are synonymous used inter-

changeably and indiscriminately. Others regarding human nature as a trinity, speak of the body, soul, and spirit, meaning thereby the physical organization with the animal magnetic life as the soul, and the highest development of individual mind as the spirit. Again, some recognize this perhaps fanciful division of three, but reverse two of the terms; they regard the spirit as merely the animal life, and speak of the soul as an immortal, highest, immortal, individual intelligence. Equal authority may perhaps be given for either usage. However, the certainty of general misunderstanding from such looseness of speech is entirely obvious. It is necessary that a rule be adopted in the matter, and for one important reason, spirit should be taken to mean the most refined or ultimate property of being; this reason is that of conformity to common usage, as the word is used to express the refined or ultimate product which preserves essential qualities. In speaking of spirits in the sense of supernal personages, we must be content to remember that "the greater includes the less," and referring to the personal intelligence as "a spirit," consider the *substantial* organization they possess as an envelope of soul, included and understood in connection. Thus we shall have spirit used as a word to indicate the identical ego, or ultimate intelligence and will; the abstract metaphysical conception of mind. This would leave only the idea of impersonal mind to be indicated by being mentioned distinctively as the Infinite Spirit.

Accepting and adopting this definition of spirit, we are left to use the word *soul* in denoting the impalpable but substantial elements, which in intimate combination and relationship with the material constituents of the physical, external, or primary body, are the intermediates of the mind, in its operation upon objective materials. A popular conception of the soul in this sense is then the magnetism of the body, the animal life, in short, all that exists in human nature and is not mere matter, in the sense of flesh and blood; nor yet mind, in the sense of idea, affection, or passion.

The material body, of course, is that which is earthly and physical in human organization, that which is eliminated by death, and liable to disintegration by putrefaction. It is common to speak of spirits as disembodied intelligences," though at the same time it is understood that intelligence without organization is incomprehensible, and actually "unthinkable," as being to our knowledge "unconditioned." Organization is the concomitant and essential condition of consciousness, in all cases possible of apprehension. That spirits have bodies, and are actual as well as real, is one of the first lessons of Spiritism, and it is evident that to speak of the human person in the *ante mortem* life, as embodied, and in the *post mortem* existence as disembodied, is to involve ourselves in absurdity and stultification. We learn from physiology, that our present bodies are continually in waste, and as continually renewed; from the psychology of Spiritism we learn the undying spirit ever requires an organization, and from philosophy that the same laws are universal. Hence we infer that the body the spirit must have, is in a similar, though not identical way, taken on and cast off progressively and continually. Neither is it absurd to suppose, that experiences analogous to death, may divert us again and again of the effete and outworn accumulations of the spheres or conditions through which we are destined to pass. Bodies being common to every stage of existence, must be regarded as actual; and any use of terms conveying any other conceptions, becomes a cause of confusion. Were it not that many Spiritualists entertain the theory of reincarnation as a truth, it would be explicit to speak of the human body in the present earthly life, as the *primitive* body; but this would be objectionable to those who believe our spirits may have previously been embodied amid terrestrial relations on earth.

To call the body the "mundane," or "earthly" form, is to give counte-

nance to the assumption that there are no other intelligent beings, on the surface or in the atmosphere of earth, except such as are in a material form or body; this would be to contradict the conviction of the majority, and hence prevent the general acceptance of the phrase. It seems legitimate to use the word *material* to express the objective, actual, and obvious things which are in direct and palpable relation with our common external senses. Others than Spiritualists have used the word *substance*, to signify that which bears the same relation to those who have passed through death, as the material in earthly life bears to me at present. A brief study of the nature of matter, in the light of modern science and Spiritism, shows us that our senses, wide as their range may be, and however aided by instruments so far discovered, recognize only a few of the many possible aspects and phase, of that unknown something we call matter, substance or element. If we agree to understand by the term *matter*, that which is palpable to ordinary external sense; and by *substance*, that which is actual yet impalpable to the same senses, in the same conditions, we shall have two terms which may be made expressive of bodies in different phases of existence, as the *ante mortem* and *post mortem*. Let us then call the earthly body before death, the *material* body, and after that change let the bodies of spirits be called the *substantial* body. Above all let us reform the nonsense of defining any actual form as a "spiritual body!"

The spiritual is that which relates to, is connected with, and has the nature of the spirit. To classify anything as spiritual, is to declare it mental, and to speak of a mental body, is evidently something more than absurd. It is good usage to speak of the material, and phenomenal as the *actual*, and of the spirit, the mind, the principle, as the *real*. We may say then *actual* bodies, but not *real* bodies, for bodies must be material or substantial; neither matter or substance are mental, not rational, not intelligent to our comprehension, therefore not in the sense we use the word *real*. There are actual material bodies, and actual substantial bodies; actual bodies of men and women, and actual bodies of the men and women called spirits. There are also real ideas, real truths, real principles, real life. We have thus suggested the definitions we think it practical and legitimate to attach to the words *soul*, *spirit*, *Spiritism*, *Spiritist*, *spiritual*, *Spiritualist*, *Spiritualism*, *materialism*, *substance*, *actual*, and *real*. In like manner many other words need exemplification, only a few of which can be noticed in the present disquisition, but in the time and space we can command, let us deal with the most frequently used and important.

#### CHRISTMAS SERMONS.

As is customary, the clergymen throughout the Christian world, have availed themselves of the opportunity presented by the return of the time designated as the birthday of Jesus, to impress their theological teachings upon the public mind. The best church authorities are divided in opinion as to time. The inclement season, which, in the country where the events are reported to have occurred, does not in climate differ materially from our own, gives improbability to the statement that there were shepherds with their flocks on the plains. Many other considerations, to which we might refer, make the traditional account more than doubtful. But no matter, it answers their purpose and they use it to the best advantage. We listened to a Presbyterian sermon delivered by Rev. C. Wilkins. The discourse was appropriate to the occasion, and was in its way really a fine effort, eloquent and interesting, judging it from a Christian standpoint. The story of the humble birth of Jesus, connected with the dogma of the divine incarnation, the suffering life of the humble Nazarene, and finally his death upon the cross, have ever been the real power of the Christian priesthood. No church dogma, however, rests on a more unsubstantial foundation. Mr. Wilkins, referring to the statement made

in the chapter from which his text was taken—"There was no room for them" (Mary and Joseph) "at the inn," paused and asked very impressively "In how many like places in all the land to-day, can room be found for Christ?"

In response we were forced to mentally: Should Jesus enter Chicago or any other "city of churches" known only as the son of a poor carpenter, himself a barefooted wandering man, with "no place to lay his head," because of his rebuke of the hypocritical cant, in how many of these steeples, luxuriously-furnished fashionable churches would he be found for Christ? We could not endorse the theology of the preacher, yet he gave utterance to many beautiful thoughts. In one particular we were pleased to notice a change radical from the teachings of only a few years past. Instead of asserting the mission of Jesus to be the reconciliation of an offended and wrathful God it was said to be for the purpose of reconciling man to God. To this sentiment, with our idea of the vine, we do not particularly object.

Rev. Robt. Collyer favored the congregation with a sermon in our opinion quite heterodox. Because of its practical suggestions and thoughts we give our readers an abstract report. He took his text, Matthew ii: 11.

"And when they were come into a house, they saw the young child with His mother, and fell down and worshipped Him; and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto Him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh."

How much of this narrative of the visit of the wise men to the cradle of Christ was true, it was now impossible to conjecture. From what I know now, a good deal of it is shown to be impossible. I thought probably there was truth within the story without doubt though it was not literally true. These men coming from the far east came to where Christ lay in that poorest nest, and that they were touched by the sight, as every good man ought to be, may have been true, and so might be the fact that they gave their best to the father and mother. They might have said, as we might have under such circumstances, "O good stars led us here." He loved to believe in the story. It was a fine thing when looked at in this way. The men saw the child, and they were wise. They gave the child reverence and generously the best they had in both for their own sake and other. He supposed it was from this circumstance the custom of giving presents to children originated. He supposed that Santa Claus was the person who gave presents to children before Christ was heard of, in the Blue Forest and on the Rhine. He thought this apparent foolishness of giving children presents at Christmas was much better than the wisdom of a wise man; but there was something still better to give children. We could fathers and mothers best give to their children? Their character. No amount of success in life, no amount of money, could justify neglect of children by their fathers. No mother, by attending to her business, could balance it against neglect of her children. The question was what should they give their child. They should not confine themselves to giving it worldly possessions. If that was all they did, God would in his tender mercy save the child, but what the parents had done was not save him. The first question which parents should ask themselves ought to be whether they were being wisely in their great trust. A child's nature should be acknowledged. Children had their rights of fight to fight. Children seemed to have a natural tendency to turn about in the mud, to revel in a swamp, to bask in a thunder-storm, and to pitch into holes, without feeling hurt, in a manner that would factually settle the earthly existence of their parents. But parents thought these things the most deplorable that could possibly occur.

Yet for children, it was natural to act in this way. Therefore children should be allowed to exercise their own natures. To do so was necessary for a fine, vigorous manhood. Children will begin by fighting. They seek after an after life, if they made their good boys all the parlor and read good books about good boys who were so good they had to go to heaven right off, they would probably see their boys going the same direction with equal rapidity. The best gift that parents could give to their children was the life of the sunshine. It was the frankness of nature. The child should be given the drill of the raw recruit. The only man who lived to the age of 106 years in England used to stand all day with his feet in the water



his head in the sunshine. How many men, surrounded by the best of advantages and with the greatest promise, had been beaten in the race of life because they were delicately beautiful; because they had no stamina. The rough camp life of the war had saved many of these delicate men from failure and from an early death. Let parents, then, give their children a strong, healthy body; the commencement for a vigorous life. Never mind his business; never mind his getting dirty; never mind his soiled and torn clothes. What they might save by keeping his clothes clean and worn, they would—if they did otherwise—lose in doctors' attendance, and who would not sooner pay a lot of tailors' bills than a lot of doctors' bills?

Still something should be done for the child besides giving him good physical training, otherwise they would prove nothing but Macos and Heenans. The child would naturally learn. He sought after knowledge. But they believed that their parents knew everything, and in their infallibility. Therefore parents should mind what they taught them. They came to their parents with endless questions. As they sought knowledge from their parents and believed what they said terrible might be the results of the day when a father or mother should tire of the questions of their children, and tell them to go away; that they were too curious. Parents should be more careful in saying anything to the child, than in saying anything to a philosopher, for what they said to the child was to him the truth when it came from his parents.

The time would come when the child would ask about the great mystery of God and the influences which he felt around his heart. Then let parents sympathize with their child. Let them not—for they could not—try to explain to him the sacred mysteries, but simply sympathize with him and mention to him reverently the name of God.

#### FATHER HYACINTHE ON THE COMMUNE

The following are extracts of a letter of Father Hyacinthe to the *Gazette*, Rome, May 29:—"Human dignity, law, and liberty, the civilization of the two worlds, have been outraged and trampled upon by new barbarians amidst the bloody streets and burning monuments of Paris. \* \* \* And, what is a people without God? Sages have endeavored to describe them, but the facts we have just seen reveal what such a people is with a reality which defies words. The demonstration of what social atheism is, has been complete. Providence allowed it for an hour to disport itself on the great theatre of the world, to reveal in its orgies and perform the most terrible of dramas. But is this people alone guilty? and is canon the only remedy? Beware of that easy and fatal illusion which would deprive us of the fruit of the dreadful lesson. Mr. Gladstone once said, 'The nineteenth century is the century of the working classes.' And in point of fact the question of the working classes pre-eminently occupies the attention of the statesman and the man of science, and our society will never know peace till it is solved. The Second Empire thought much of this question, but it dealt with it too much according to the traditions of the Roman Emperors. The Second Empire looked only to material ameliorations, and even in that point of view it did not take the best means; as, for example, when it forced public works in the great cities, especially in Paris, stripped the fields of hands, and congregated populations which lived apart from the normal conditions of family religious influences, and consequently of morality. What should have been done was to think of that popular instruction which is universal among our neighbors beyond the Rhine, and which, at least as much as her military organization, is a source of strength to Germany. An attempt should have been made to lead these two scores which eat into the entrails of our people, the prolonged celibacy of soldiers and the legal prostitution of women. Above all, a better example should have been set in high places. And the Church herself has not done what she ought to have done for the practical solution of this terrible problem. The temporal power and the Pope's infallibility distracted the thoughts and efforts of those who preside over the destinies of the Church at a moment unparalleled in its history. Instead of the promises and teachings of the gospel to the disinherited of this world, the Church in the noisy echoes of the press, and sometimes even by the mouth of its bishops, treated matters of bitter controversy about the Pope-King, the dogmatization of intolerance, and the canonization of the Inquisition. I do not calumniate the political and religious regime that we have submitted to for more than twenty years, and which is summed up in these two words—'Septicism at Paris; fanaticism at Rome.' I do not calumniate, I do not even accuse, I narrate. But I say that there is the lesson of the present moment, and that the question is whether we wish or not to continue this fatal course. In the presence of that Parisian ashes which I have dwelt in, which I have evangelized, and the history of which I know, I have the right to utter this cry of a grief which God alone knows the depth of: Behold the work of a people which no longer knows God. And behold the work of those who render it impossible for it to believe in that God, and above all to love Him."

"HYACINTHE."

Hyacinthe, May 29th, and the verdict of well informed persons, Dec. 29th, differ somewhat. Now we learn the Commune were falsely charged with the crimes against Paris. The bombardment from without, and not the torch from within, wrought ruin. It was Catholic revenge and fanaticism that made the world shudder, and not the destruction under military necessity of some buildings. The Communists were imprisoned as freely as butchers; there are thirty thousand still in durance. Thousands have been tried, but of all these only five could be convicted, and the tales about wholesale arson are disproved. The shells of Mont Valerian, and not the "Petroleuse," did the mischief. But the defamation of the slaughtered and imprisoned has no longer power to deceive. The Commune is not exterminated. The warning of Hyacinthe is worthy of note, but the course of the French Government has not been in accord with the views of this Catholic liberal. Under their prolonged confinement, the prisoners of the Versailles Government have experienced great suffering. Women, of whom there are many, were confined for months in warm weather without a change of clothing. The government cannot care for these prisoners, and dare not liberate them, having now all it can do to support itself. Meantime Paris suffers for want of the workers who are killed or imprisoned. Such is the revenge of capital, Catholicism and cowardice, upon the workingmen and women of liberal opinions and brave hearts. What can they expect in the future from those who must triumph ere long? If the International did not encourage peace, we might shudder in dread of the reaction.

#### ONE DAY'S WORK FOR THE PRESENT AGE.

This is the week designated from which we asked our subscribers, readers and friends to select one day to be used in making an earnest effort to extend our circulation. We have had responses from several, informing us that they intended to use one day of the first week of the New Year in getting new subscribers. Nearly all who have written us say they shall not thereafter cease their efforts, but continue to work on. Another says, "I shall continue to labor for you without asking a commission until I know that you have sufficient circulation to sustain you." To these kind friends and all who have written encouraging words, we return our sincere thanks. We hope to have a good report from all who aid us this week in the manner proposed. The following is what we have said with reference to this subject:

We appeal earnestly to all who have not paid for the present volume to do so at once and at same time send us new subscribers. All must realize that in purchasing material required for the office we must lay out a large amount of money. And now, friendly readers, a word as to the future. We stand upon our feet resolved to take no backward step, to discharge fully our obligations to our subscribers, and to greet them weekly with a paper, if possible, more acceptable than we have yet published. We do not seek to reopen the fountains of your sympathy, but we do, in confident faith in your generosity, in your manly and womanly approval of pluck and determination in a good cause, most earnestly appeal to you for ONE DAY'S LABOR in our behalf. Will you not willingly, gladly give the PRESENT AGE one full day of energetic assistance—a day that shall stand as an era in our life? We will name the first week of the new year as the time when the effort shall be made. We will not designate the day, for circumstances may make it difficult for all to work within a twenty-four hours specified by us.

To attain our full measure of usefulness we must reach ten thousand homes the coming year where we are yet strangers. Besides we must have those ten thousand more constituents in order that we may come to you in the fullest attainable interest, attractiveness and value. During the week we have named, let every family where our paper is taken select one or more of its most active members, and commission them for the work. Visit every family within reach, and urge upon them to take the PRESENT AGE for one year. If there are families desirous of taking it, but not able to pay for it, pay for them, and let this be your New Year's present, not only to them, but to us and the cause. If this donation should prove too heavy for you, let us know and we will share it as far as possible.

WHATEVER CRAZY SORROW saith,  
No life that breathes with human breath  
Has ever truly longed for death.  
'Tis life, whereof our nerves are scant,  
Oh life, not death, for which we pant,  
More life and fuller, that I want.  
—Tennyson.

#### EDITORIAL NOTES.

We have received from several persons letters of inquiry as to money sent us, requesting receipts for same, this too in many instances, after the acknowledgment had appeared in our columns. We therefore desire to say that for all money received (unless otherwise specially directed) we make weekly acknowledgments. Should our correspondents, within a reasonable time, fail to see their remittances acknowledged, they will please write us. In a few instances we have not immediately forwarded papers to subscribers, caused by having to prepare and write the name of every new and old subscriber on a new mail book. We could perhaps have avoided this had we possessed the means of employing all the help demanded, but we have been obliged to practice economy. Even with the greatest care and under ordinary circumstances, mistakes will often occur, and we could not hope to avoid them in the confused condition of the last few weeks incident to the entire destruction of our office.

One of our subscribers complains that he is unable to decide as to the author of articles that appear in our columns. Others may be in a like quandary; we therefore make the following explanation. To avoid the necessity of appending the name or even the initials of the editor or his associates to each article written by them, in our table of contents, to the title of each article we add the name of its author. In the HOME CIRCLE and WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT, all original articles, unless otherwise indicated, are written by the editors, Mrs. Criddle and Miss Pease. Original articles (always headed) when the author is not thus indicated, may be charged to the account of the editor. A few days since we came near getting a scolding (perhaps a thrashing) for writing such an article on Gen. Grant's message relating to polygamy. We explained to the indignant subscriber that E. S. Wheeler was the author, and thus escaped.

The growth of Roman Catholicism in this country is rapid and persistent. There are to-day in the city of Boston alone about sixty priests and over one hundred thousand Catholics. In that diocese which comprises one-half of Massachusetts there are one hundred and sixty priests and nearly three hundred thousand Catholics. In the whole of Massachusetts there are now over two hundred priests and four hundred thousand Catholics. In the original diocese of Boston (all New England) there are over three hundred priests, and probably over six hundred thousand Catholics.

Our readers can scarcely have failed to notice the improved appearance of the last two numbers of the AGE, printed on the quality of paper for which we have contracted the coming year. We pay an extra price to get a good substantial material, for we intend to have our subscribers feel a laudable pride in comparing their paper with any other published.

The late Fair for "Our Dumb Animals," in which many of the first women of Boston were interested, was a success. The receipts one week were over \$15,000. It received a donation from some philanthropic friend who desired that it might be appropriated in this wise: \$20 for kindness to horses; \$15 for kindness to oxen and cows; and \$10 for "less cats to destroy birds."

The most precious of all possessions is power over ourselves; power to withstand trials, to bear suffering, to front danger; power over pleasure and pain; power to follow our convictions however resisted by menace and scorn; the power of calm reliance in scenes of darkness and storms.

Mrs. Mary J. Colburn writes from Champlin, Minn., encouraging words. She says:

"The need of regular Sunday meetings is beginning to be seriously felt in this region. We have several established already in this (Hennipen) county; one at Long Lake, where I have given two lectures a month the past four years; one at Osseo, where the friends have just erected a fine hall, and one at Minneapolis. All these so far as I know are in a prosperous condition."

#### PERSONAL.

MISS NETTIE M. PEASE speaks next Sunday, 7th inst., in the Unitarian Church, Kenosha, Wis., where she has been engaged to lecture on alternate Sundays during the winter, speaking the other half of the time at Waukegan, Ill. Applications for week day evening lectures will be responded to. She would prefer calls in the vicinity of her Sunday appointments or near Chicago.

W. F. JAMIESON has closed an engagement of four Sundays with the Battle Creek Society of Spiritualists. The lectures were well attended. The Sundays of January he will speak before the East Saginaw Society of Spiritualists. Week evenings he lectures in vicinity of Sunday appointments upon Spiritualism and reform in general. He has entered the political field in favor of Victoria C. Woodhull for our next President. Permanent address, Albion, Mich.

PROF. E. WHIPPLE—Very much to our regret, we failed to receive in time for this paper the regular scientific contribution from Prof. Whipple. We have since heard from him and learn that his services are more in demand than ever before, but that he will not fail to furnish us weekly with one chapter of "Geological Sketches," which are read with such deep interest by all who would trace the history of our earth as revealed by science. He thinks his articles will be even more interesting to the majority of readers as he comes down to more recent times. During January the professor lectures at Medina, Cuyahoga Falls, East Townsend, and Norwalk, Ohio. Those desiring to make engagements with him to lecture upon scientific subjects or upon Spiritualism, should address him, Clyde Ohio.

C. FANNIE ALLYN.—To this very able speaker and her peculiar gift of combining subjects prosaic and poetic, we referred at length at the time of her engagement in Chicago one year since. Of her services in Washington, Alfred Criddle, in a letter which should have been published two weeks since, writes as follows:

I am no believer in indiscriminate laudation, and impartial criticism is not usually acceptable. I have therefore seldom noticed any of our speakers in detail. But, as from some cause or other, Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn, trance speaker, seems not to be as well known as she should be, it may be desirable that the readers of the AGE should be posted. She lectured here during November to audiences increasing in numbers and in interest up to her last discourse. Her lectures were principally from subjects selected by persons in the audience, as her capacity (or that of her controlling spirits) for molding into one consecutive discourse a dozen or more different subjects thus submitted, was peculiar. Her earlier lectures (such as I attended) conveyed the impression of vigor, fluency, clearness, adaptability, rather than of depth; her manner of delivery, pronunciation, action, etc., was excellent. In some of her earlier discourses there seemed but little that could be carried away, though the general impression on the audience was favorable and forcible. Gradually, however, her lectures afforded more substance; and her last lecture was not excelled, in that respect, or any other, by any speaker whom I have heard. The subjects of divorce, Mormonism, spiritual culture, etc., were all welded into a whole permeated throughout by the dominant idea of a life beyond and a life within. The lecture, phonographically reported, would have been generally regarded as decidedly excellent the average utterances of leading pulpit orators, both in depth of thought and felicity of expression.

At its close I regretted that the favorable impression made should be jeopardized by the dialogue which was to follow. But that regret soon subsided. The subjects presented for extemporaneous poetry by two different persons (without concert, I believe) were "Alone" and "Charity." Each of these was alternately personified or personated by the medium. "Alone" was a woman whose unfortunate condition no other word could express. "Charity" was the angel comforter who finally succeeded in enabling "Alone" to realize that she was not alone, but that loving friends were none the less with her because unperceived by external vision. The expression of countenance changed in the dialogue from the desolate and forsaken expression of "Alone" to that wonderfully illumined physiognomy which the word "seraphic" is sometimes used to denote—beaming with love, intelligence and quiet trust.

The society here are very desirous of again securing her services as soon as circumstances permit, but she is much engaged. I must not omit to state that she has been unusually successful in securing the attendance of members of orthodox churches and outsiders generally—a very important desideratum. Her education

has, I understand, been unusually limited; her avocations, until she became a medium, were in the lower walks of industry, having no pecuniary or other facilities for acquiring anything like that degree of culture manifested by her controlling spirit. She lectures in Baltimore during December.

#### CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

##### THE MICHIGAN STATE CONVENTION.

Michigan Spiritualists never do things "by halves." Believing in work they make Spiritualism practical. While they endorse the angels they maintain faith in human effort. Consequently, their meetings are, almost uniformly, successes. The policy of depending upon speaking talent, without compensating speakers, of interest and instruct the masses who assemble, is not practiced by them. Such an unjust course to speakers (who must live like other folks) is suicidal to the prosperity of the cause. This convention needed one hundred dollars to defray expenses, and received ninety-five from the audiences. That has a business ring.

The Battle Creek society of Spiritualists is a model one in many respects. It entertained all the guests from abroad who desired to accept of its hospitality. No stranger was uncares for, and everybody was made to feel at home. The society labored for several days before the meeting in making the hall a pleasant abode. An air of comfort pervaded every part of it. A high, carpeted platform with a table on one side, an organ on the other, a sofa, and several chairs, completed the speakers' rostrum. On the wall, back of the rostrum, was an evergreen wreath, eight feet in diameter, arranged with flowers. A little below the center of the wreath was an anchor and chain strewn with flowers. In the center, and just above the anchor, were the words, "Flowers the Alphabet of Angels." Outside of the wreath on the corners of the white ground-work were figures—on the left-hand side, 1847. On the opposite corner, 1871. On each corner of the platform was a small spruce tree, decorated with flowers. The walls of the hall were festooned with evergreens. The three chandeliers were covered with them, so that at night the lights seemed to shine out of miniature trees. Seventeen paintings were tastefully suspended around the hall, and mottoes met the eye, as it rested on the arches of festooning. The words nearest the door were "Welcome! Thrice welcome! All!" The next, as we advance toward the rostrum, was, "Come Up Higher," with a hand pointing obliquely upward. The next was, "Work! and faint not, for the angels are near." The last was, "Truth was never subject to chance or fate."

Such was the place of meeting—a cozy, arbor-like place. A piano stood on the floor, in front of the rostrum, which was used to good purpose by Mrs. A. E. Mossop, of Sturgis. Mrs. Loomis and several other ladies of the society—and a few of the brethren, each one of whom deserves an evergreen crown!—labored faithfully in the work of decoration. It is no play-spell—I know that—but it pays. It is an augury, too, that Spiritualists are about to awaken to the necessity of having externals harmonize with the beautiful in our philosophy. They are just emerging from the epoch of rickety, dingy, dusty, third-story meeting-houses.

The report of the convention will be given by the able secretary of the association, J. P. Averill, one of the most profound thinkers, and polished speakers in our field; and, withal, an agreeable gentleman. R. C. Manchester, the president, is a genial, harmoniously organized man. There was some talk of placing a woman in the presidential chair of the association, but the convention unanimously endorsed the action of the nominating committee, which proposed that the old executive officers serve another year. A better choice could not have been made.

The public speakers who participated were Rev. T. H. Stewart, Indiana; Mrs. L. E. Drake, Plainfield, Mich.; Mrs. A. E. Mossop, Sturgis, Mich.; Dr. Spinney, East Saginaw, Mich.; Albert Stegeman, Allegan, Mich.; Elijah Woodworth, Leslie, Mich.; Col. D. M. Fox, Chicago;

J. P. Averill, Battle Creek, Mich.; Miss A. W. Baker, Chicago, W. F. Jamieson.

Mr. Stewart was formerly a Baptist clergyman, but now finds himself in the more congenial company of the Spiritualists. He is a sound and interesting speaker, and is extremely fond of a joke. He seems quietly happy in this better religion, but will not stop with it if anything superior can be found. He realizes what thousands feel to be true, that Spiritualism is a mere infant yet.

Mrs. Drake has been in the lecture field not quite a year. She makes points in a sharp and telling manner. Her words count always on the side of humanity and against bigotry.

Mrs. Mossop is a young and attractive speaker. Gives descriptions of spirits in public. She is possessed of an excellent voice, and sings melodiously and with power.

Dr. Spinney is a zealous worker. He speaks with volubility and enthusiasm.

Albert Stegeman is a deliberate talker, cool reasoner, and carries his reformatory ideas into daily practice, and is a strong friend to Children's Lyceums.

Elijah Woodworth is an old war-horse. He has a queer notion that the Bible should be interpreted upon what is nearly akin to Swedenborg's correspondence.

S. B. McCracken, of Detroit, took an active part in the meetings. He is a deliberate speaker. He sometimes reports the proceedings of our conventions for the Detroit press.

J. P. Averill, at one time a Universalist clergyman, is now, and has been for many years, a Spiritualist of the most liberal type.

Miss A. W. Baker, the efficient worker for the *Lycium Banner* presented the claims of childhood and the children's paper in a manner to touch the heart of the most indifferent Spiritualist. I trust that at future meetings the claim of such a worthy cause will not be allowed to pass until the last session. The only defect I can perceive in this meeting was its oversight of practical aid, as a convention, to the Child's Paper. For this I am as much to blame as others. Several duties claimed my attention. The *Banner* for children should not have been the last duty. It is a shame that, of the boasted millions of Spiritualists, there are but three thousand copies of the *Lycium Banner* taken by them. Spiritualists know that their happiness would not be lessened by placing ample means at the command of Mrs. Kimball. A thousand Spiritualists could unite in establishing the *Lycium Banner* upon a permanent financial basis.

Bro. Jordan deserves credit for his efforts in providing music which enlivened the session. He was assisted by Miss Hattie Snow, Miss Averill, Miss Julia Pearce, Miss Augusta Whiting, and Mrs. Dr. Johnson.

W. F. JAMIESON.  
TEXAS, MICHIGAN.

#### NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SUFFRAGE CONVENTION AT WASHINGTON. The National Woman Suffrage and Educational Committee will hold a Convention at Lincoln Hall on the 10th, 11th and 12th of January, for the purpose of urging upon Congress the passage of a "Declaratory Act" during the coming session. Friends of Equal Rights are earnestly invited to make early arrangements for being present at this most important gathering. ELIZABETH CARY STANTON, President. ISABELLA BECHER HOOKER, Chairman of Ex. Com. JOSEPHINE S. GRAYTON, Secretary.

CALHOUN COUNTY CIRCLE. The next Quarterly Meeting of the Calhoun County Circle will be held in Marshall, Mich., the second Saturday and Sunday, 13th and 14th of January, 1872. Good speakers are engaged and a general attendance from all parts of the country is earnestly requested. E. C. MANCHESTER, Pres. CHAS. FISHER, Sec.

THE Quarterly Meeting of the Oakland County Circle of Spiritualists will be held at Farmington Village on the second Saturday and Sunday in January next, beginning at 1 P. M. Saturday. J. P. Averill and Mrs. L. A. Pearl will address the meeting. A cordial invitation is extended to all. Platform free. Come one and all, who wish to advance with the age in which we live. Homes will be provided for all from a distance. WILLIAM H. PHILLIPS, Pres. MISS JULIA McCAN, Sec.







## The Home Circle.

ANNIE DENTON CRIDGE.

EDITOR.

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world,  
With wonderful water about your shores,  
And the wonderful grass upon your breast—  
World, you are beautifully dressed.

The wonderful power in the tree,  
And the wonderful power in the milk,  
And take to itself on the top of the hills.

You friendly Earth! how far do you go  
With the wheat-fields that nod and the rivers that  
flow.

With cities and gardens, and cliffs, and lakes,  
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

Ah, you are so great, and I am so small—  
I tremble to think of you, World, at all,  
And yet, when I call my people to me,  
A whisper from you seems to come.

"You are more than the Earth, though you are such  
a dot,  
You can love and think, and the Earth cannot!"  
—Edmund Spenser.

## CALIFORNIA.

CHAPTER XXII.

Dinner was now ready, but they had hardly sat down to the table when a great storm arose—a sand storm. It swept over the valley, darkening the sky, for it shut out the sun. In haste the carriage was put in a sheltered place and the doors and the windows were closed. Then howling and rushing went the wind, gathering and piling up huge clouds of dust, which in madness of fury were hurled along and dashed against the huge mountain sides. Only a few drops of rain fell in the valley, but in the mountains north of the valley a rain-cloud broke, and it poured in torrents. Hundreds of old granite peaks, fabled and tottering from age, were thrown from dizzy heights headlong into the valley, where they now lie buried in the kindly soil and sand that in sympathy came tumbling after. The irrigating ditches in some places were filled up with rocks and soil, and it took several days to clear them of their mountain visitors, so as to admit again the pure soft water of the Santa Ana River. The storm was all gone in less than half an hour, the air was now cooler, and just enough in motion to fan them comfortably.

"This California is a queer place," said Charley. "We are roasted through the day, and dipped into a cool air bath at night. Nights are so cold that I want one or two blankets on my bed, and the days are so hot I want to go naked, and yet when it is so very hot there is always a cool breeze. How is this, mother?"

"Every day, about ten o'clock in the morning, the cool sea breezes come blowing through the valley; there are no mountains to shut them out. San Bernardino is shut in somewhat by mountains, so they do not have as much cool wind to fan them as we have here in Riverside."

"The thermometer while you have been away has been here, as high as one hundred and twelve in the shade," said the mother of Ernest, "and yet we did not suffer as we would in the East with the thermometer at ninety."

"I wonder," said Charley, "how it is that the air here is never damp. In father's first letter from Washington, you know, he says that he went to sleep on the roof because it was so very sultry, but the dew wet the sheets so that he had to go down to his bed room about three o'clock in the morning."

"The hotter the air is the more water it can hold as vapor," said his mother. "In the East it nearly always holds a great deal of water, so that when it cools a very little some must fall either as rain or dew. In this part of California the air does not have near as much vapor in it. In the tropics as on the Isthmus of Panama, it has much more than in Washington, and so it rains a great deal at seasons. When it is hot and damp it is not so healthy as it is here where it is hot and dry."

"What is the difference between vapor and steam?" asked Charley.

"Vapor," said his mother, "is something like steam, but differs from it because steam is water heated up to boiling point, but vapor comes from water even when it is freezing. The hotter it gets the more vapor comes off, and the more the air can carry without its being condensed into water."

When dinner was finished, and when good-byes had been said to Mr.

and Mrs. Bingham and Agnes, and all were talking about whatever had occurred while they had been apart, up drove a wagon to the door.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Charley, "those horses have been buried in mud!"

"And the driver, too," said Mrs. Strawbridge, "I should think, from his appearance. He is the gentleman who sells us fruit and vegetables."

"What is the matter, sir?" said Charley and May, who had come to the porch.

"Matter!" he replied, "why there is no bottom to this land? I was crossing over the irrigating ditch, when down, down, sank my horses and wagon till they were nearly out of sight. You may well look at my wagon; it was almost a gone case. My horses had to be pulled out of the mud with ropes, and here I am all mud. It is a wonder I did not go down too. I ought to have known better. I have been in California long enough to know that wet land has no bottom. Serves me right! serves me right!"

"I knew that," said Charley, "because I saw a gentleman push a pole into the ground near the ditch, ten feet."

As he drove away, after selling some vegetables, the children had considerable sport over the muddy sight.

"Those horses," said Ernest, "God must have made when he made Adam: they are mud horses."

"I wonder," said May, "if our house will sink in the ground when it rains."

"It won't be safe to travel when the very heavy rains come," said Mrs. Strawbridge, "for often wagons have gone down to the box, and horses to their middle, but in one or two days after rain the ground is hard again and perfectly safe."

In the middle of the night, every one in the house was suddenly awakened by a noise in the chicken house. Mrs. Strawbridge and her sister were soon out there with a light and armed with sticks. There on the floor lay twelve dead chickens, and there was a rascally skunk that had killed them, running around.

"I'll kill it! I'll kill it!" said Mrs. Strawbridge's sister, as she struck it with all her might a great many times. "Now he is dead," she said, by and by. "I do hate to kill anything. I feel terribly. Come, let us go to the house."

"I don't think the skunk is dead," said Mrs. Strawbridge, when they were all again comfortable under the blankets. "I think in the morning early will find that her skunk was only playing dead; he was curled up so nicely and never spread himself out like a dead animal."

"He is dead enough," said aunt; "he will kill no more of our chickens. You will see him in the morning, children; he is very pretty, covered with black and white stripes."

Next morning all rose early to enjoy the cool morning. Away, just as soon as they were dressed, ran the children to the chicken house.

"There is no skunk here! There is no animal covered with black and white stripes here!" they shouted.

There lay the twelve dead chickens, but their murderer had made his escape. He had played possum and thereby saved his life.

## ELEPHANTS.

These animals are found in a small part of Africa and Asia only, and yet it is evident from the fossil remains of elephants found, that they have lived in nearly every part of the world. In Alaska the bones of thousands of them are found in the valleys and low parts of the country. Every ship that goes to Alaska brings away as its cargo, or part of its cargo, the ivory tusks of the elephant, and it is the opinion of many that Alaska will, or can, furnish the world with ivory for centuries. When Alaska was bought of the Russians it was said that we had got an elephant, but with Alaska we have got tens of thousands of fossil elephants, and the world knows what to do with them. Alaska with her elephants becomes a valuable country.

Fifty hundred years before Christ the Romans used gold for filling teeth, and for the frame of artificial teeth. This we learn from a paper on dentistry read recently at one of the Scientific Associations.

## POLITE CHILDREN.

For some parents these remarks will contain nothing new; to a good many—judging from their children—they will be a revelation.

"Thank you, Charley," said Mrs. Brown, as her little son handed her a paper he had been requested to bring.

"Thank you, Bridget," said the little fellow, a few hours after, as he received a glass of water from his nurse.

Well, Mrs. Brown, you have the best-mannered children I ever saw," said a neighbor. "I should be thankful if mine were as polite to me as yours are to the servants. You never spend half as much time on your children's clothes as I do, and yet every one notices them, they are so well behaved."

"We always try to treat our children politely," was the quiet reply.

This was the whole secret. When I hear parents grumbling about the ill-manners of their children, I always wish to ask, "Have you always treated them with politeness?" I once knew a man, considered quite a gentleman in society, who would speak to his children in a manner that a well-instructed dog would resent. He would order them with a growl to bring him his slippers, or perform some other little service; and yet he complained of the rudeness and disobedience of his children.

Many parents, who are polite and polished in their manners toward the world at large, are perfect bores inside the home circle. What wonder if the children are the same? If they should accidentally brush against another in the streets, an apology would be sure to follow; but who ever thinks of offering an excuse to the little people whose rights are constantly being violated by their careless elders? If a stranger offer the slightest service, he is gratefully thanked; but who ever remembers to thus reward the little tireless feet that are travelling all day long up stairs and down on countless errands for somebody? It would be policy for parents to treat their children politely for the sake of obtaining more cheerful obedience, if for no other reason. The costless use of an "if you please," and "I thank you," now and then, will go far to lighten an otherwise burdensome task. Say to your son, "John, shut the door," and with a scowl he will move slowly toward it and shut it with a bang. The next time say, "John, will you shut the door, please?" and he will hasten with a pleasant smile to do your bidding.

Many children, as they grow older, are obliged to learn the rules of politeness as they would a lesson. The consequence is, when they appear in society, they are awkward and blundering. On the other hand, children who have been accustomed to politeness at home are at their ease in the most polished circles, and are saved that confusion and bitter self-condemnation which are sure to follow any breach of the rules of etiquette.

Some children, learning from their parents, seem to consider politeness at home affectionate! Brothers who would jump up with alacrity to give an easy-chair to some dashing mistress of their acquaintance will appropriate it to themselves when at home, without the slightest apparent consciousness of the presence of a sister, or perhaps a mother.

"My brother is as polite to me as any one else when I go out with him," said a girl proudly to a companion. "What a reflection on his manners at home! A sister will perhaps accidentally knock over some of the tools with which her brother is busy. An apology involuntarily arises to her lips, but she stifles it on considering that it is only Jack; and all the satisfaction he is offered for disordered plans is a blunt "Oh! Angry reproaches are sure to follow. "You are real ugly, Jack, to talk so about such a little thing; you know I didn't mean to," is the equally angry rejoinder. Why did she not say so? Two words would have saved all the trouble. Want of politeness is the cause of more quarreling among brothers and sisters than anything else. In their plays, children are constantly meeting with little accidents, for which they should be taught to apologize. I have seen the cheeks of a child flush with anger, his eyes flash, and a little hand raised to strike the unfortunate breaker of a toy, when as if by magic, the blow was arrested by these words, "Excuse me, I did not mean to."

Politeness is not everything. It is, however, something. It is better to have a black kettle that is sound than a bright one with a hole in the bottom; but there is no reason why the sound one should not be bright too.

It is of the first importance that children should possess those sterling qualities which fit them for battle with temptation and sin; but do not send them out into the world in great clotheopper boots. Shine them up, and both happiness and influence will be increased.—*Adapted.*

Christmas graces, like the stars, shine brightest in the darkest hours.

## DOG TRAINS OF SIBERIA.

The winter travel of Kamchatka is accomplished entirely upon sledges, and in no pursuit of their lives do they spend more time and exhibit more native skill and ingenuity to better advantage. They may even be said to have made dogs for themselves, in the first place; for the present Siberian animal is nothing more than a half domesticated Arctic wolf, and still retains all his wolfish instincts and peculiarities. There is, probably, no more hardy, enduring animal in the world. You may compel him to sleep out in the snow in a temperature of 70 degrees below zero, drive him with heavy loads until his feet crack open and print the snow with blood, or starve him until he eats his harness, but his strength, and his spirit seem alike unconquerable. I have driven a team of nine dogs more than a hundred miles in a day and a night, and have frequently worked them hard for forty-eight hours, without being able to give them a particle of food. In general, they feed once a day, their allowance being a single dried fish, weighing, perhaps a pound and a half, or two pounds. This is given to them at night, so that they begin another day's work with empty stomachs.

The sledges, to which they are harnessed, are about ten feet in length, and two in width, made with seasoned birch timber, and combines, to a surprising degree, the two most desirable qualities of strength and lightness. It is simply a skeleton frame, work, fastened together with lashings of dried seal skin, and mounted on broad, curved runners. No iron whatever is used in its construction, and it does not weigh more than twenty pounds, and endures the severest shocks of rough mountain travel. The number of dogs harnessed to this sledge varies from seven to fifteen, according to the nature of the country to be traversed, and the weight of the load. Under favorable circumstances eleven dogs will make from forty to fifty miles a day, with a man and a load of four hundred pounds. They are harnessed to the sledge in successive couples by a long central thong of seal skin, to which each individual dog is attached by a collar and a short trace. They are guided and controlled entirely by the voice, and by a lead dog, who is especially trained for the purpose. The driver carries no whip, but has, instead, a thick stick, about four feet in length, and two inches in diameter, called an "eostel." This is armed at one end with a long iron pike, and is used to check the speed of the sledge in descending hills, and to stop the dogs when they leave the road, as they frequently do, in pursuit of reindeer and foxes. The spiked end is then thrust down in front of one of the knees or uprights of the runners, and drags in that position through the snow, the upper end being firmly held by the driver. It is a powerful lever, and when skillfully used breaks up a sledge very promptly and effectively.

Mormons, send your children to bed happy. Whatever cares press, give it a warm good night kiss, as it goes to its pillow. The memory of this in the stormy years that may be in store for the little one, will be like Bethlehem's star to the bewildered shepherd. "My father, my mother, loved me." Nothing can take away that blessed heart-balm. Lips parched with the world's fever will become dewy again at the thrill of youthful memories. Kiss your little child before it goes to sleep.

## PLEASANTIES.

An exchange wants to know whether a lover can be called a "suitor" when he don't suit her?

A tramping girl of three, seeing her sister kill a fly, said very seriously, "You should not kill flies." "Why not my dear?" "Because God said let there be flies and there was flies."

A man once went to an eccentric lawyer to be qualified for some petty office. The lawyer said to him, "Hold up your hand, I'll swear you, but all creation couldn't qualify you."

"You are now sixteen years old," said a fond and fashionable mother to her eldest daughter, "you are engaged to be married, and haven't a freckle on your face. I am sure I have done my duty."

A woman self-captain, who was remarking one day that he wanted a good chief officer, was promptly informed by a young lady that she had no objections to be his first mate. He took the hint—and the lady.

An Irishman having taken his child to be christened, the mother not being able to go with him, became frightened at the crisis, and could not think of the baby's name. He blathered and stammered, until the priest, a little weary, said, "Call him John. Call him John, and forthwith baptized it. Poor Pat went down the aisle, evidently very much distressed, and muttering to himself, 'Be good! I don't know what the old woman will say to this; for we've got another John at home, and this is a girl!'"

A woman, speaking of one of her children who was lighter colored than the rest, said, "I never could bear that child, 'cause he shows dirt so easy."

SEVERE AT THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH OFFICE.—Post Office: (to telegraph operator.) O, sir! I want to send a message to my husband in Liverpool. How can I do it?

Obtaining Operator.—Easiest thing in the world, ma'am. You've got to give it to me with ten dollars, and I'll transmit it right away.

Fund Wife.—If that's the case, the directors ought to put much younger and handsomer men in your position.

The law as a profession was not to the taste of Peter the Great. When he was in England he visited Westminster Hall in term time, and was much struck by the great array of wigs and gowns.

"Who are those people?" said the Czar to Lord Carnarvon, who accompanied him.

"They are the lawyers, sir."

"Lawyers!" repeated Peter, "why I have only two in all my dominions, and I believe I shall marry one of them the moment I get back."

## TEMPERANCE.

DRUNKEN LEGISLATORS.

The shame and disgrace of government—state and national—are drunken legislators. It is notorious that sober, temperate men are the exception among our members of Congress, and also in many of our State Legislatures. And these are the men who make, break, and pervert our laws; who, filling places of trust, are easily corrupted, and so bring disaster on our democratic republican institutions.

Men who can not, will not, or do not control their own appetites and propensities are permitted to fill places of trust while they do not control or regulate themselves! How preposterous! Is there cause for surprise at the predictions so often expressed, that we—our American institutions—are going to the dogs? Can a drunken man be trusted to navigate the ship of state when he would inevitably run on the rocks or reefs, and strand his ship, and sink all who were so unfortunate as to be with him? And yet we do elect and trust just such drunkards to be our captains. Why? Are there not enough clean, honest, and intelligent men to serve us in these respects? Would we suffer our personal business interests to be thus jeopardized? Would we employ for clerks, salesmen, book-keepers, or cashiers, habitual or even occasional drunkards? If we did, we should deserve the fate we courted, or tempted. No. For our personal confidential servants, we should take care that they were altogether trust worthy and self-controlling. We should require them to be above suspicion, and on the first drunken spree would throw them out of place, not to be trusted more, until the evidences of reform were unmistakable.

Citizens have been criminally careless. They have not attended to the selection of the most important and responsible officers in the nation, and hence our present disgraceful dilemma. But the ship of state has not yet been foundered; she has encountered fierce storms; has been in imminent peril on her beam ends; but by the temperance, intelligence, and good management of some of her officers, and by the grace of God, she is righted, and out rode the storms. Let us not again put to sea with unworthy seamen. We can have the best as cheaply as the worst, and in the end they prove much cheaper; for in the latter case there will be no plundering, stealing or robbing, and we shall not live in the constant fear of shipwreck.

"Weed them out!" In all communities, in all societies, among all bodies of men, there will be found moral delinquents, intellectual imbeciles, and social lepers. They must be weeded out and cast aside, lest they choke or contaminate the tree and pure. Then look out for the future, to see that only good men be chosen to represent us, make laws for us, and attend to our public affairs. We want only trusty, temperate, capable and judicious servants, and if we are wise we shall have them. Let no more drunkards, corruptists, public thieves, libertines, or vagabonds disgrace us or our legislative bodies.

## INTEMPERANCE IN ENGLAND.

In England drunkenness has increased, and is increasing, and ought to be diminished. The *Saturday Review* has taught us that among women of superior station the practice of taking stimulants as a remedy for "nerves" has gained ground in a fashion that would have been deemed disgraceful by our mothers and incredible in very recent times.

No one can move about in London without noticing the startling increase in the habit of taking "nips" in business life. "Just one glass of dry sherry," "a liquor of this fine old cognac won't hurt," "I can

recommend this whiskey—only a thimbleful," are expressions one hears now from eleven o'clock in the morning. The great cities of the present are every whit as bad, and perhaps in Liverpool and Manchester the practice of taking "nips," as the drinks are called, has reached a height never before equaled in England, to which it has come partly from Scotland, but more especially from America.

Among the lower classes drunkenness appears to be no longer thought degrading. We are told by a licensed victualler in a leading thoroughfare that whereas in 1861 he did not take on an average more than ten shillings before noon, he now counts eight or nine pounds of receipts by mid-day; and this without any diminution of his afternoon and evening incomes, or any extra attractions on the premises. The clerks, he tells us, drop in on their way to town, to get brightened up for business; the laborers have beer now for breakfast instead of coffee; at one public-house near the Victoria Dock the landlord has a side-paved yard specially set apart for dock laborers who, before or at the dinner hour, get too drunk to go to work in the afternoon, that they may sleep off the intoxication.

This is a fearful state of things. Our scorn of three-bottle men of last century should be tempered by the unpleasant thought that many of our acquaintance consume quite as much alcohol before tea-time in other shapes. . . . We deliberately say that we do not believe small-pox in its worst days was such a scourge to the country as the "nipping" system, which will speedily become if it be not checked. Impaired vigor, addled muscles, relaxed nerves, parched skin, bleared eyes, are becoming more and more common among us, and are the sure forerunners of severe disease. To the mind the habit is simply fatal. Thought refuses to visit the victim of the practice until he has had his refreshment; application to business is impossible until the stimulant has restored the tone of mind for a brief space. Later on in the day it needs a larger quantity to secure the accustomed level of effort; and by evenside the man succumbs either to intoxication or to a fatal lassitude. What this is, those who know the City can best tell; but the practice is as well known in Pall Mall as in Cornhill, and on Stepney-causeway as in Lombard street—Church-Times, (English Newspaper).

TIPPLING AMONG REFORMERS.—I saw advertised in the refreshment room of the Social Science Congress, in the Town Hall at Leeds, seven kinds of intoxicating drink. It was very stupid for men and women of rare intelligence and good reputation, to discuss the application of Social Science to the relief of human ills, while seven kinds of the primary cause of poverty, shame, ignorance and crime were sold under their own sanction. How can such reformers ask a poor man to give up his beer, while the sale and use of liquor is sanctioned by the educated and rich? The wise people of that Congress and in Parliament need to learn one of the first lessons of Social Science and statesmanship.

Yet the growing evils of intemperance have profoundly moved many good men and women in Great Britain. Individual and combined effort is doing much to awaken public attention, and reform is urged with ardor and wisdom that must eventually lead to the overthrow of the liquor interest.—*Rev. S. H. Fobert in a letter from England.*

FERRING NAMES.—"Many a true word is spoken in jest." Standing the other day, near the entrance of the saloon of a large hotel, at the seaside, we saw several young men pass in. As they stood at the bar, one said to another, with a smile, "Nominat me year poison?" He had said a terribly true thing in joke. Yes, name your poison—just the word! And they swallowed the poison, and went their way. Soon another party went in. Said the leader to his companion, as they leaned against the slab, "What is your family trouble?" meaning "What will you drink?" "Family trouble!"—rightly named; for what has made such domestic misery as liquor? And we walked away, feeling that we had learned two new and strikingly appropriate names for liquor: "poison" and "family trouble."—*Washington and Eclectic.*

A DIVERGENCE.—A teacher, one day, for want of a better thing for the class to parse, took up a temperance paper, intending to have them parse a temperance story; but as the story was a long one, he told them to stop at the "grog-shop" and not parse it. He, of course, had reference to a portion of the story. Imagine his surprise, next morning, to receive a note of dismissal from the school committee for his intemperate ideas in advising his pupils "to stop at the grog-shop and not pass it." An explanation ensued in which it was found that parsing and passing are not the same!



